

Mosely™



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CHAPTER THREE **THE CHAOS DRAGON**

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IT TOOK A MEASLY
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FOR
THE CITY TO CRUMBLE ONCE
THE METASTREAM WAS
KNOCKED OFFLINE.

KINDA
SURPRISED IT
TOOK THAT
LONG.

THE GODS HAD
LONG HELD SOCIETY
TOGETHER UNDER THE
GUISE OF PEACE.
CRIME WAS DOWN.
HAPPINESS POLLS
WERE UP.

THEY CLAIMED TO
HAVE DONE WHAT NO
ONE HAD BEEN ABLE
TO DO:

THEY'D SOLVED THE
HUMAN PROBLEM.
THAT THING INSIDE
MAN THAT MAKES
HIM DO WICKED
THINGS.

BUT THE GODS
ARE LIARS. THEY
HADN'T FIXED
MANKIND.

THEY'D JUST PUT
US IN THE **STREAM**
TILL THEY COULD
FIGURE OUT WHAT
TO DO WITH US.

BUT THINGS DIDN'T GO
TO PLAN. AND NOW THAT
THE PEOPLE ARE
AWAKE--

FWIT!

THE GODS WILL DO
ANYTHING TO PUT US
BACK TO SLEEP.

Be still,
children.

Quadrant
Four is
secure.
Status
report?

CENTRAL
POWER TO
THE PYRAMID
IS RESTORED,
BUT...THE
CITY...

...IT'S
COMING
APART!

I-I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
THE STREAM WAS
SUPPOSED TO CURB
MAN'S BASER
INSTINCTS...

WHY ARE
THEY DOING
THIS?!



Compose yourself, Ruby. Remember our mission.

The Stream is an active *good*. And once it is restored and the *presence upgrade* initiated, all will be well. ETERNALLY so.

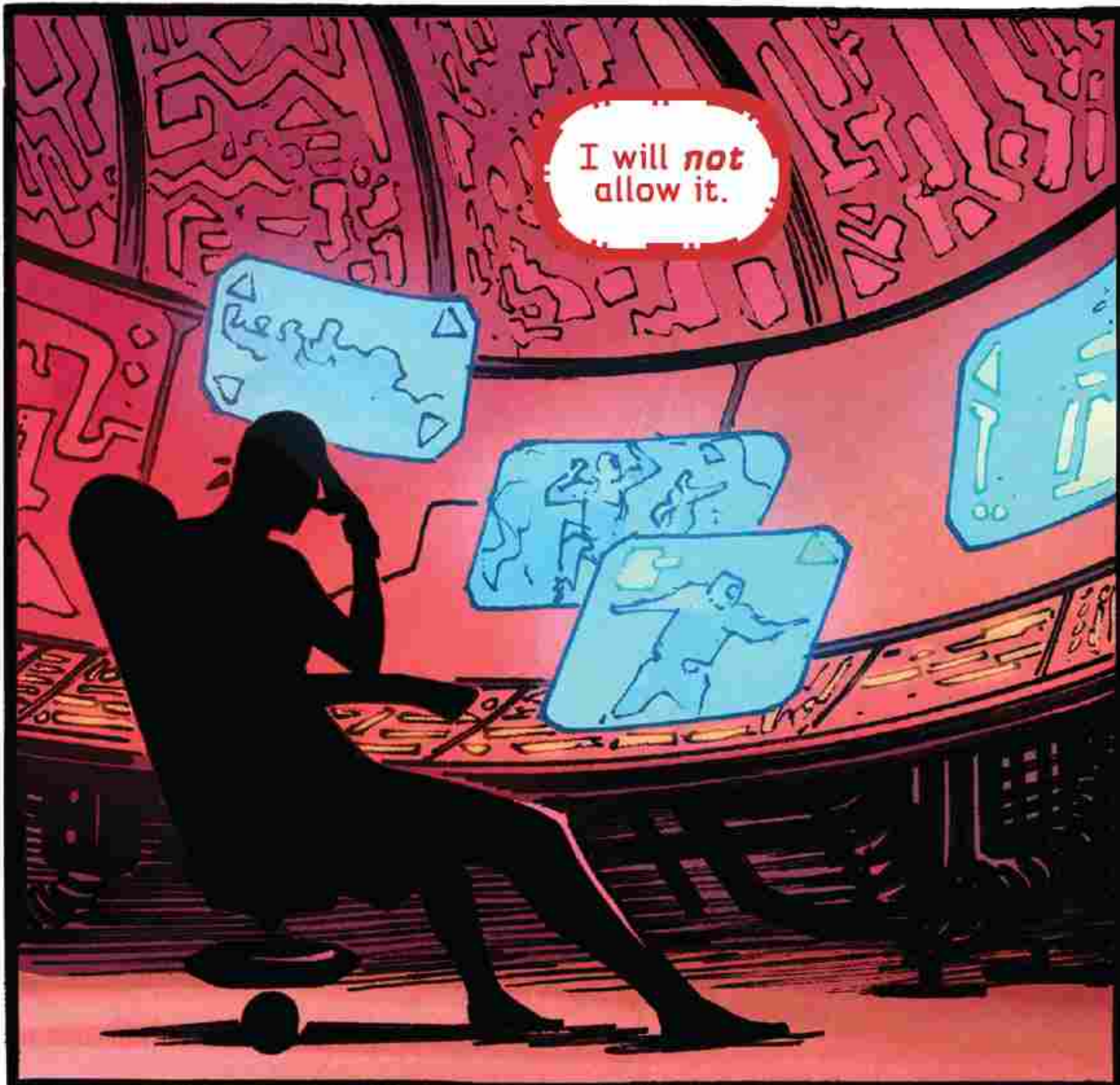
We're so close. Do you believe?

...I DO.



Good. The one who did this is clever, but I *will* find him.

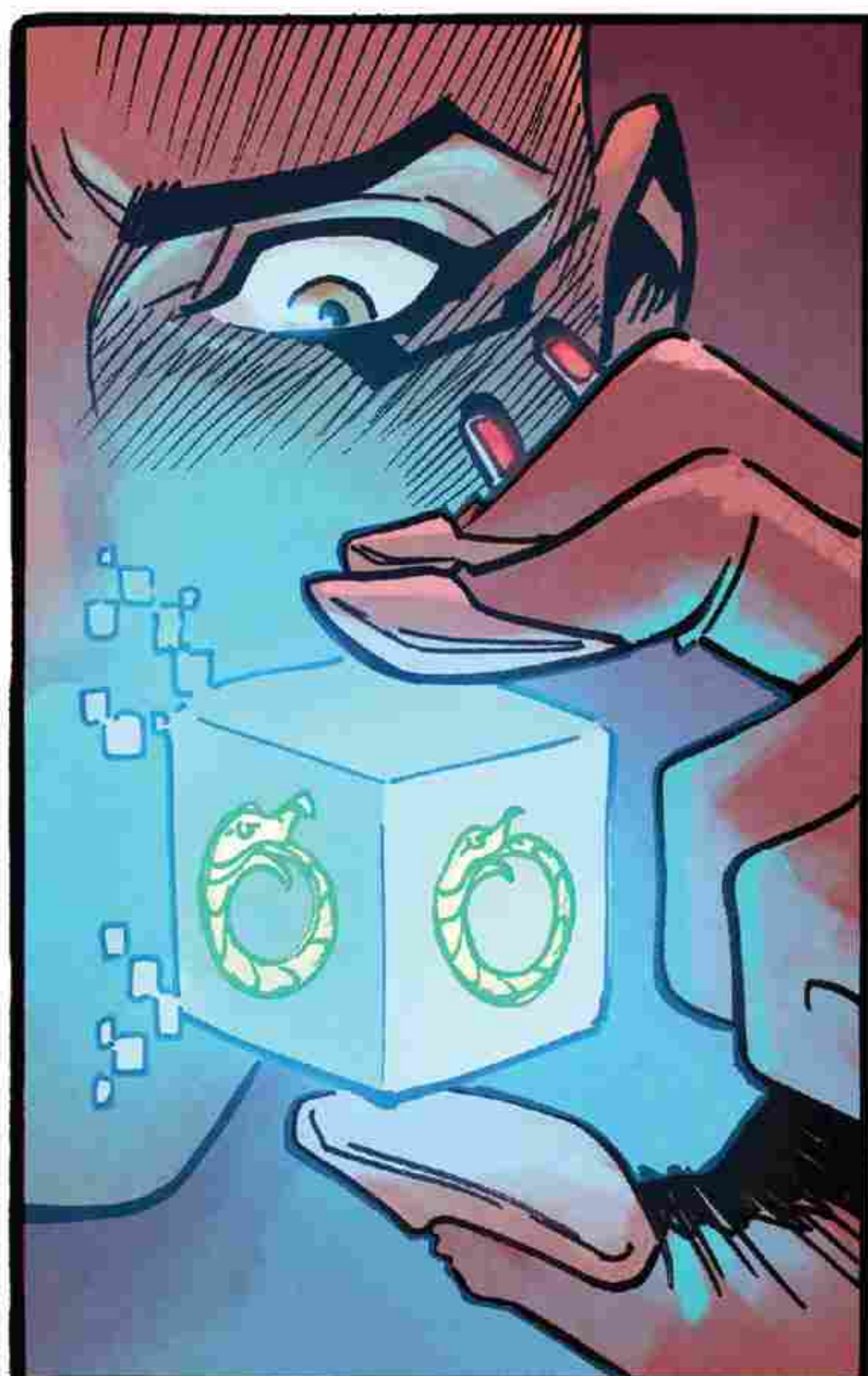
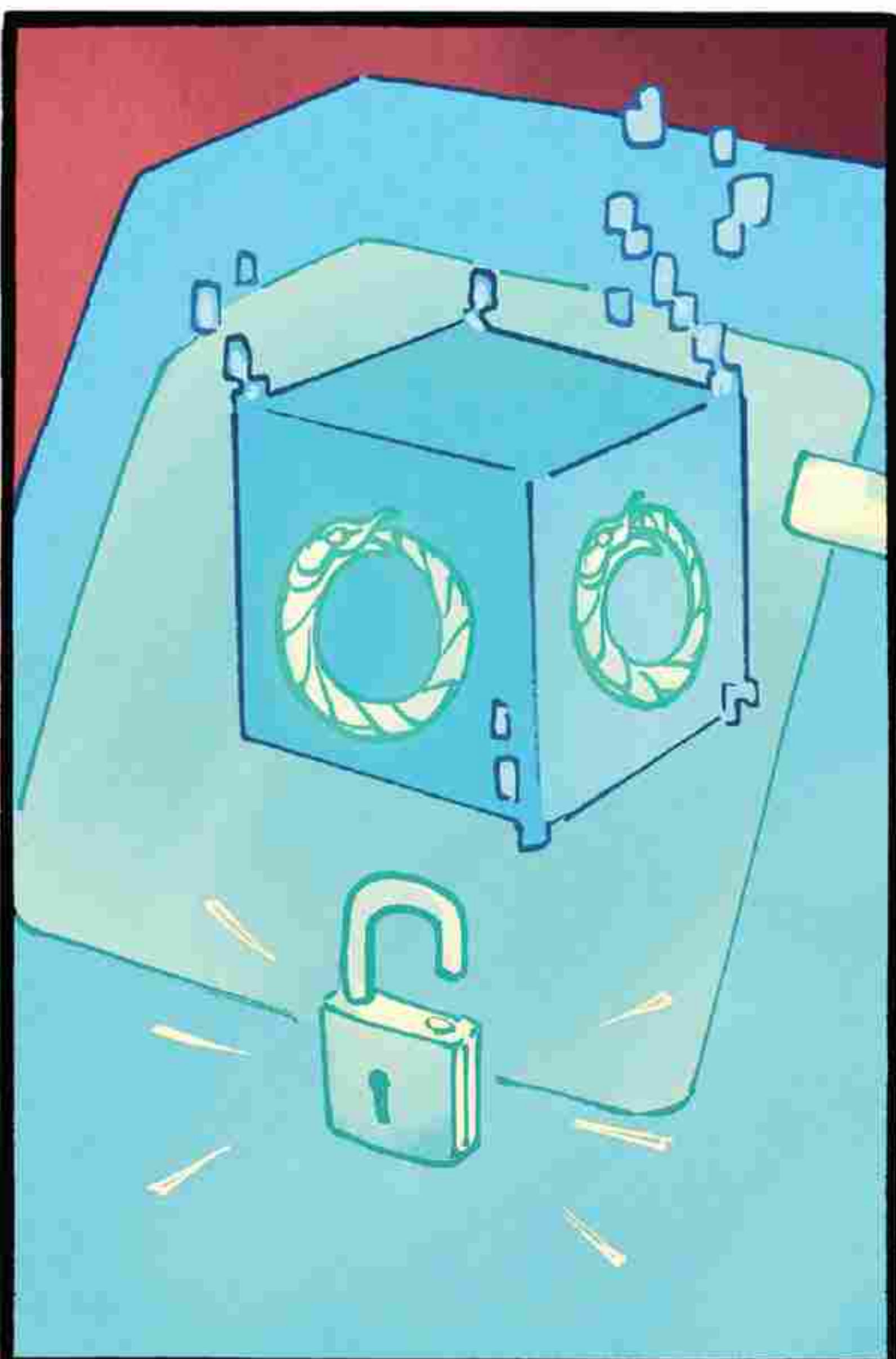
The world has no place for what he is. An old *dragon* seeking only to turn progress into *chaos*.



I will *not* allow it.



?







WHAT ARE YOU?!

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT?



SAY SOMETHING, DAMMIT!

WHY DO YOU NEED ME TO DO YOUR DAMN DIRTY WORK?!



I DON'T NEED YOU, MOSELY.

BEHOLD...



I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS, MARVIN.

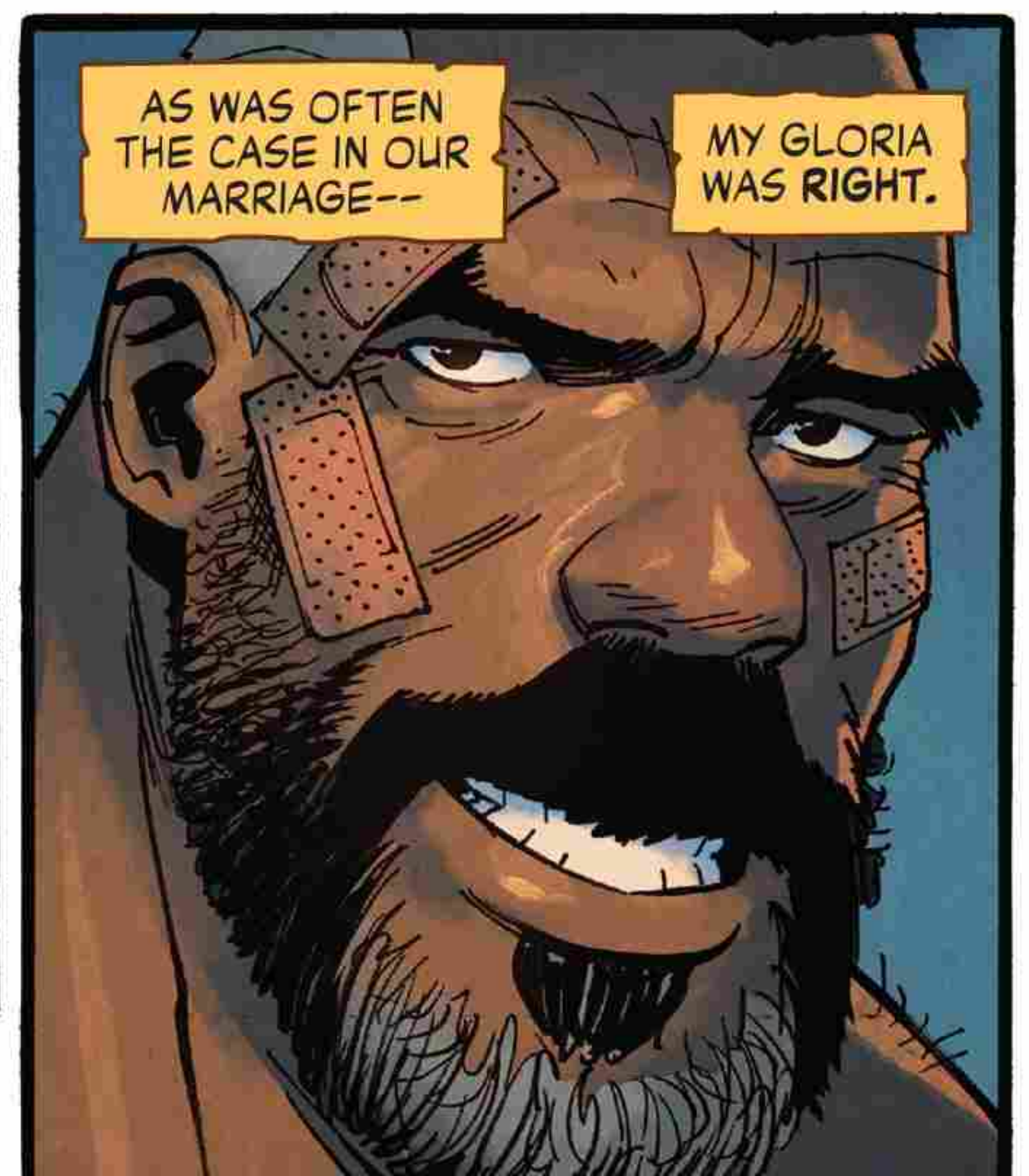
Tell me everything.

I JUST WANT MY FAMILY BACK.

THAT THING TORE US APART!

YOU WERE CHOSEN --

--BECAUSE YOU NEED ME.





SO I TOLD HER EVERYTHING.

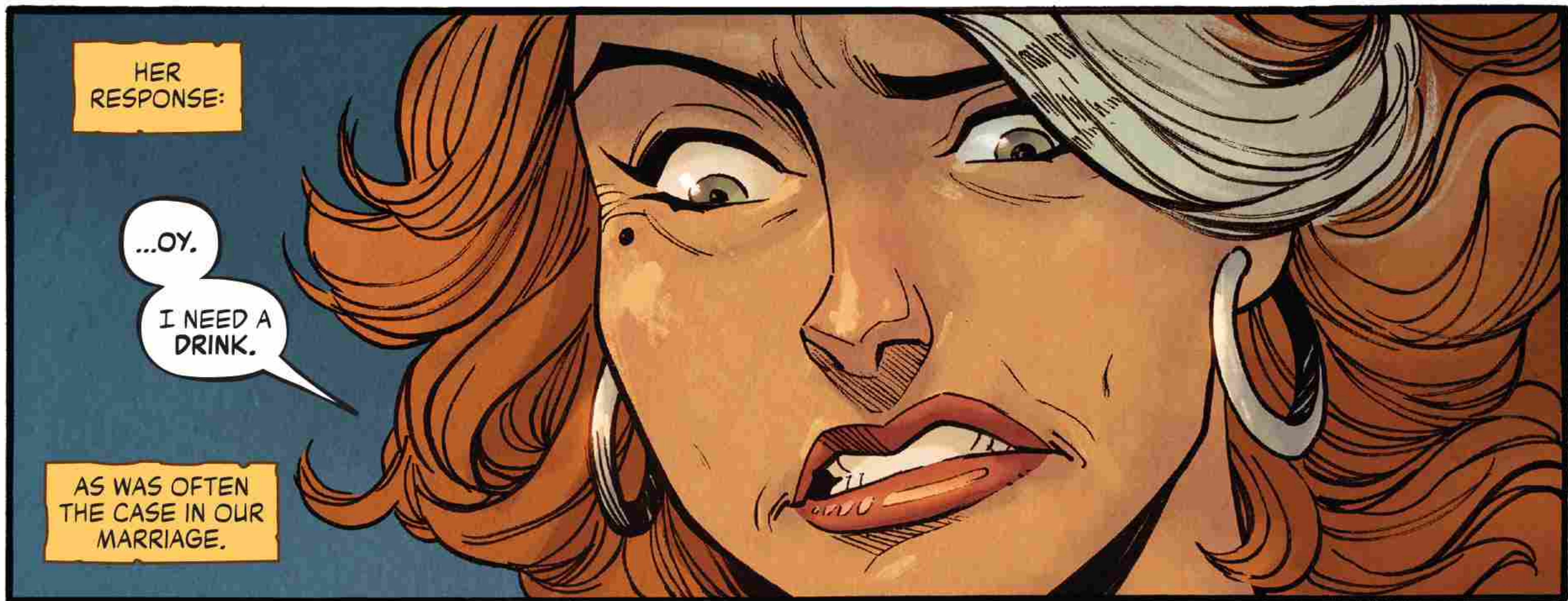


EVEN SHOWED HER THE BIG GLOWING HAMMER.



I WAS NEVER THE BEST COMMUNICATOR BACK WHEN WE WERE TOGETHER. I HID THINGS. SOMETIMES TO PROTECT HER. MOSTLY TO PROTECT ME.

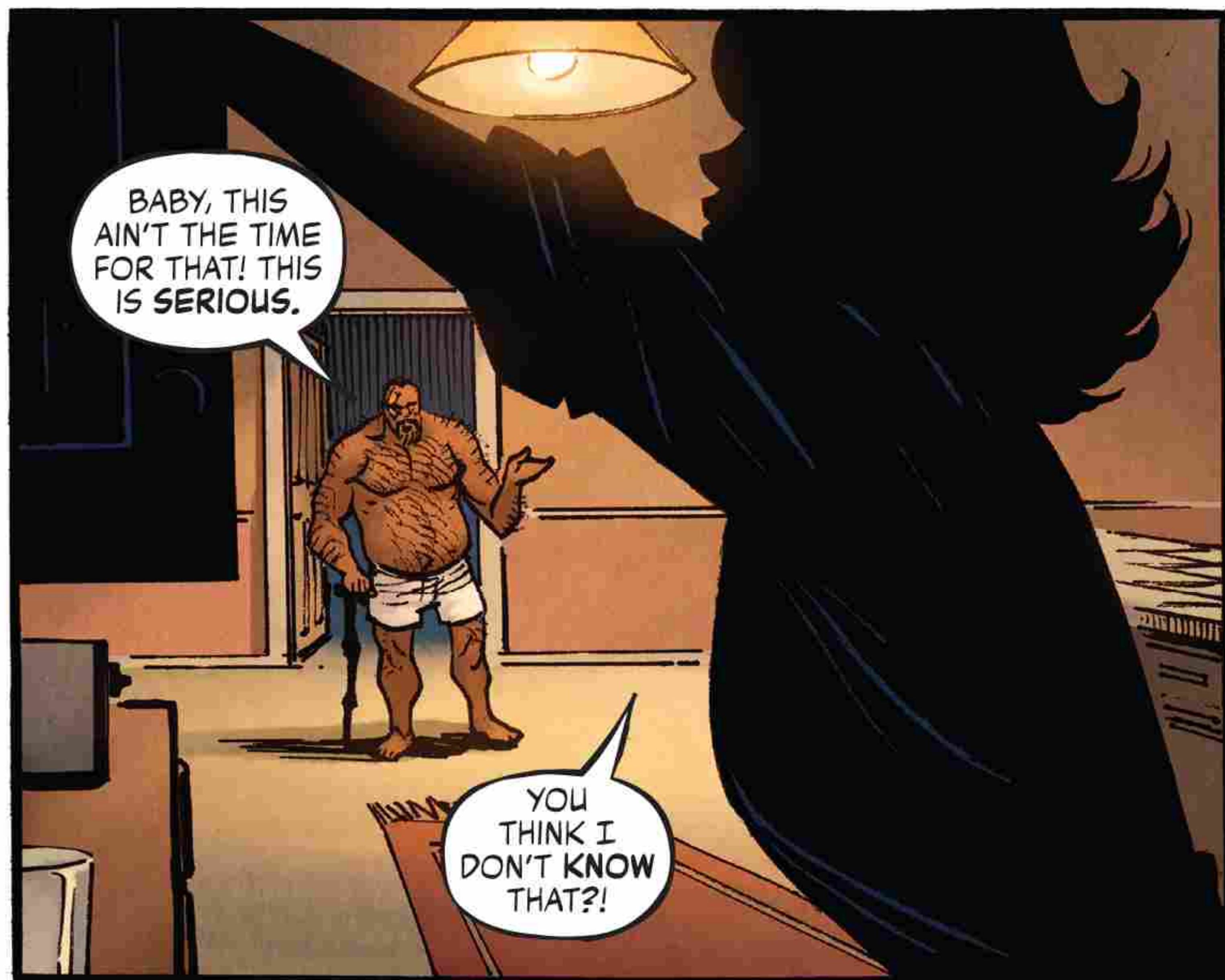
THIS TIME, I HELD NOTHING BACK.



HER RESPONSE:

...OY.
I NEED A DRINK.

AS WAS OFTEN THE CASE IN OUR MARRIAGE.



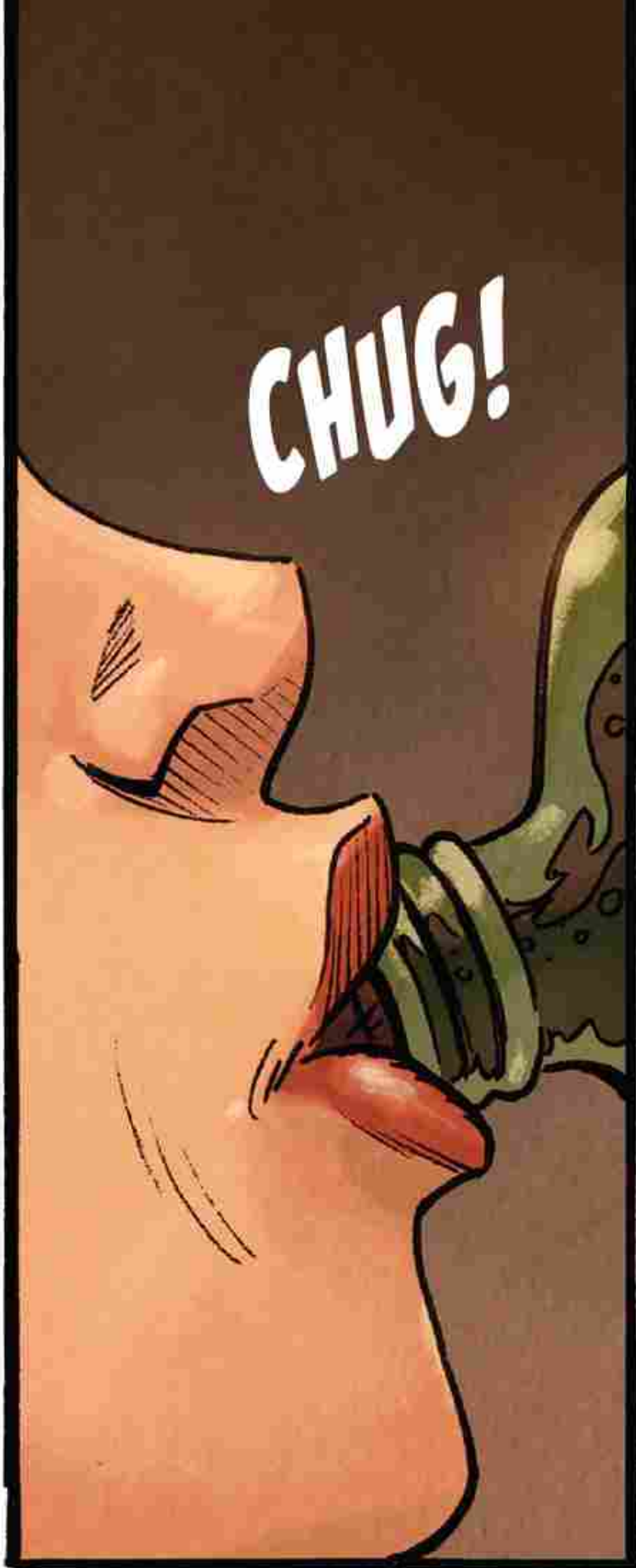
BABY, THIS AIN'T THE TIME FOR THAT! THIS IS SERIOUS.

YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW THAT?!



MY EX POPS BY WITH A MAGIC HAMMER TO TELL ME, OH, HE MIGHT'VE JUST KICKED OFF THE END O' THE DAMN WORLD?

SOUNDS LIKE DRINK O'CLOCK TO ME.

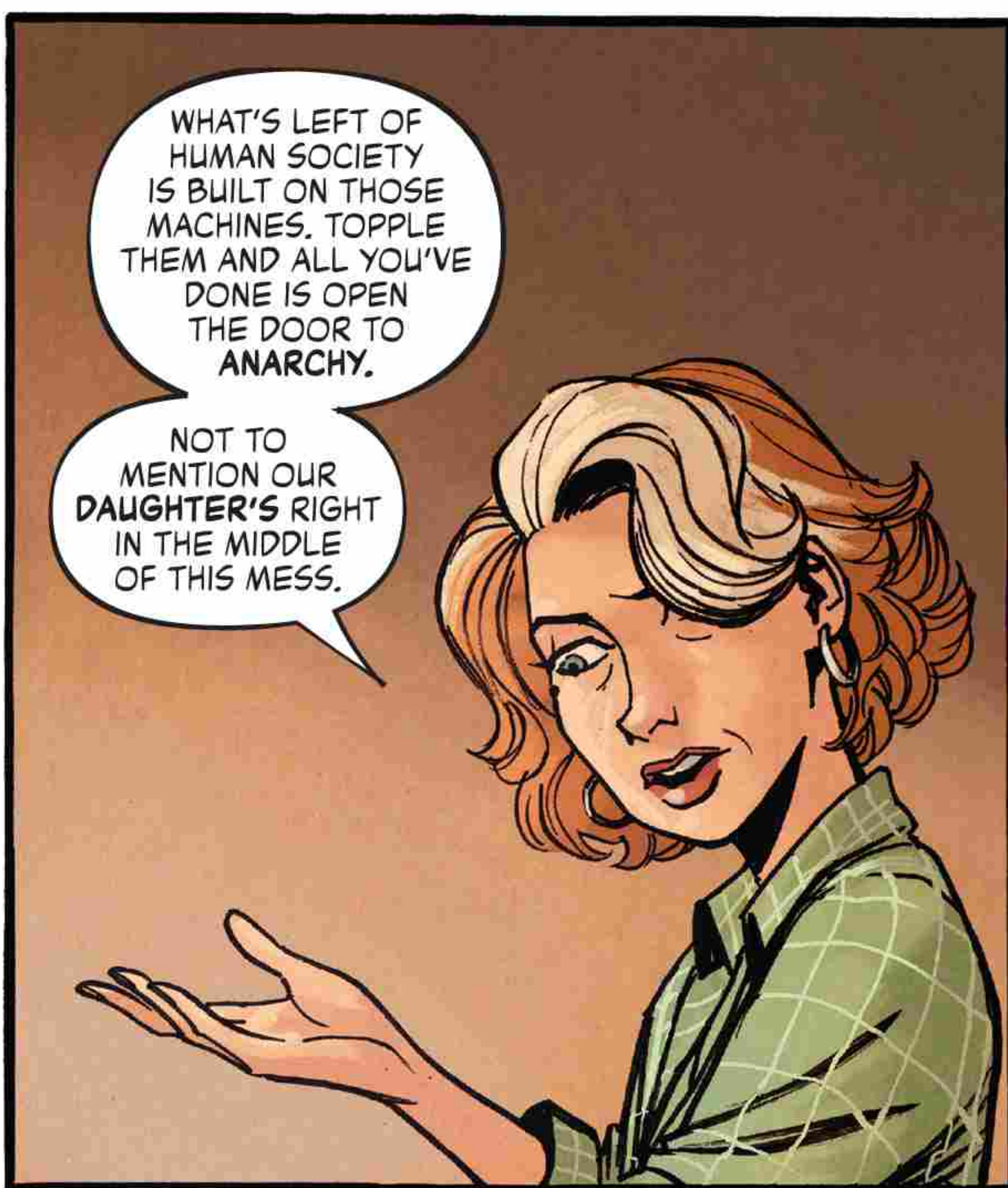




LOOK...I
SCREWED UP.
OFTEN. BUT
THIS IS **BIGGER**
THAN YOU N'
ME.

THE THING
THAT GAVE ME THIS
HAMMER, IT WON'T
STOP UNTIL THE
GODS ARE RUBBLE.
THAT'S GOOD
NEWS!

YOU'RE NOT
THINKING THIS
THROUGH...



WHAT'S LEFT OF
HUMAN SOCIETY
IS BUILT ON THOSE
MACHINES. TOPPLE
THEM AND ALL YOU'VE
DONE IS OPEN
THE DOOR TO
ANARCHY.

NOT TO
MENTION OUR
DAUGHTER'S RIGHT
IN THE MIDDLE
OF THIS MESS.



THEN
HELP ME,
DAMMIT!

AREN'T YOU
PEOPLE IN THE **SECT**
SUPPOSED TO BE ABOUT
BRINGING BACK THE OLD
WAYS OF LIVIN'? WELL,
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE.
STOP SITTING ON THE
SIDELINES AND DO
SOMETHING!

WE'RE
NOT BUILT FOR
AN **INSURRECTION.** THE
MACHINES WOULD **CRUSH**
US, AND THEY KNOW IT.
THAT'S THE ONLY REASON
THEY LEAVE US ALONE.



THE **SECT** IS A TIME
CAPSULE, THAT'S ALL.
WE PRESERVE WHAT
THE MACHINES WANT
TO **ERASE.**

WHEN THE
MACHINES FALL--

--IF THEY
FALL--

--WE'LL BE
THERE TO
REBUILD THE
WORLD. IF IT
WANTS TO BE
REBUILT.

THE
GODS FALL
TOMORROW.
I CAN FEEL
IT.

HOPE YOUR
LITTLE CULT
BUDDIES ARE
READY TO
ROLL.



WHAT ABOUT RUBY?
SHE'S IN SO DEEP...

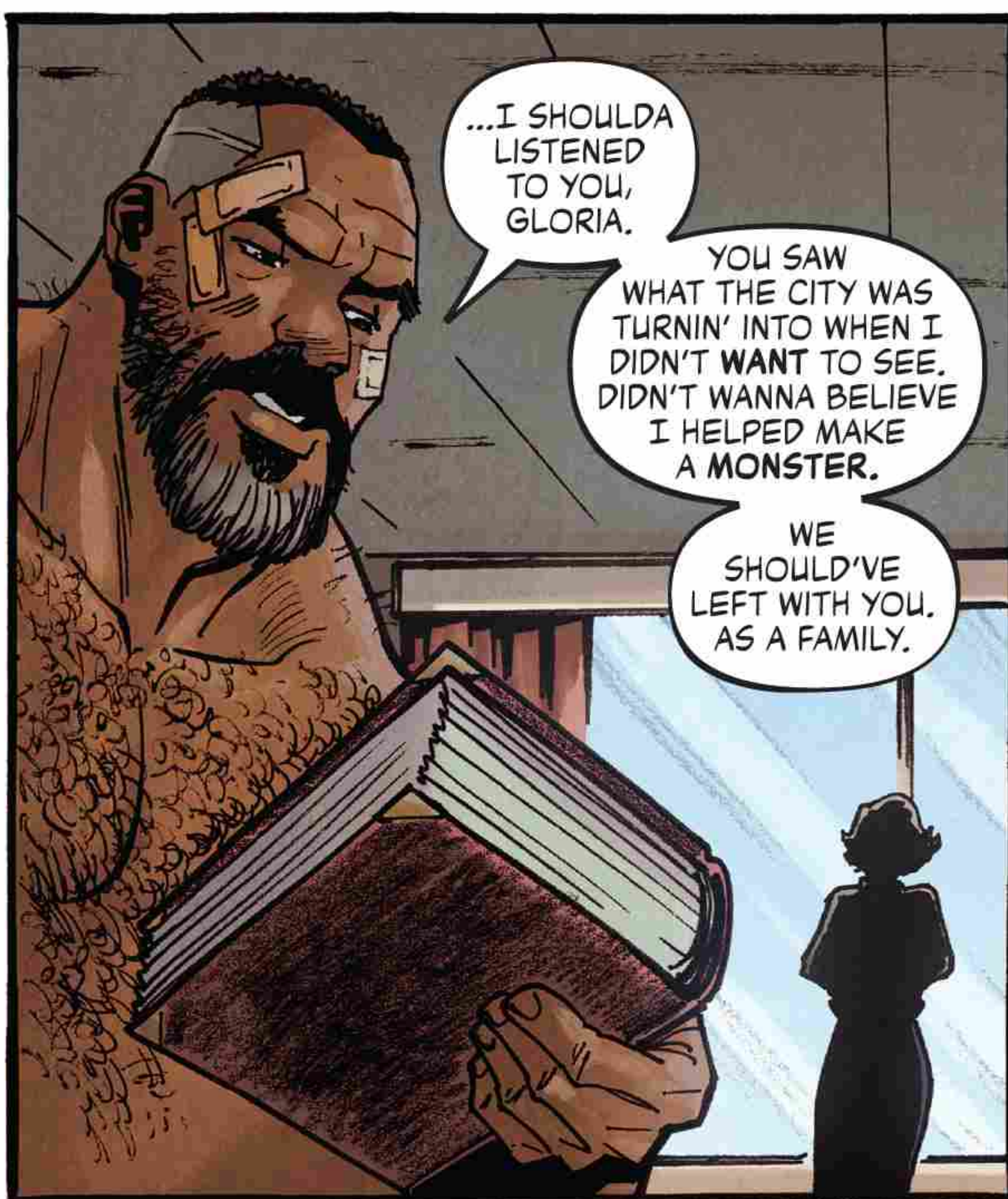
I DUNNO.
THE KID WANTS TO
SAVE THE WORLD SO
BAD SHE CAN'T SEE
THE TRUTH STARING
HER PLAIN IN THE
FACE.

RUNS IN
THE FAMILY,
I GUESS.



HOW LONG'S IT BEEN
SINCE YOU'VE SEEN HER?
MAYBE YOU CAN TALK
SOME SENSE INTO HER?

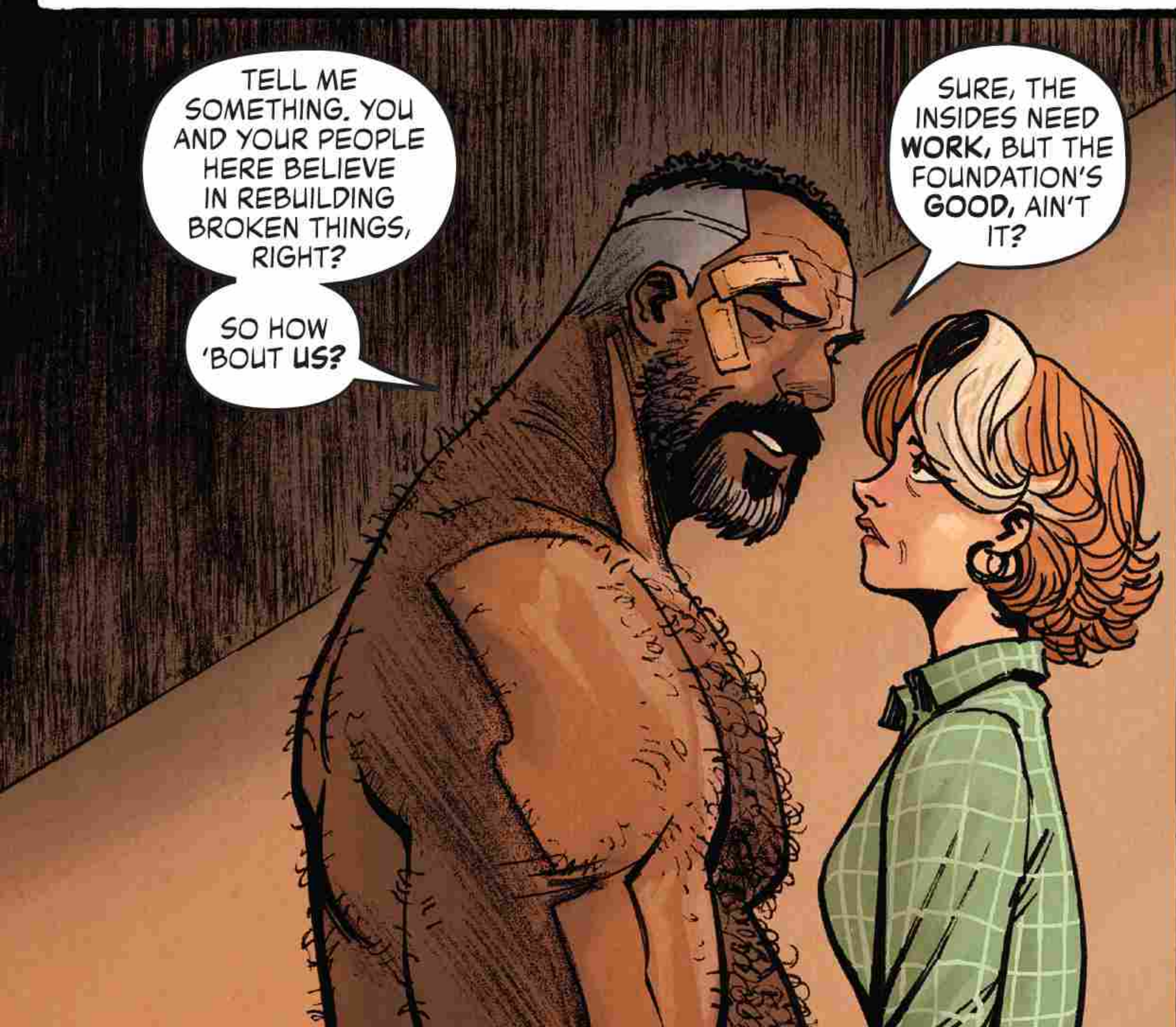
THERE'S NO
POINT. I'M THE
LAST PERSON
SHE WANTS
ADVICE FROM.



...I SHOULDA
LISTENED
TO YOU,
GLORIA.

YOU SAW
WHAT THE CITY WAS
TURNIN' INTO WHEN I
DIDN'T WANT TO SEE.
DIDN'T WANNA BELIEVE
I HELPED MAKE
A MONSTER.

WE
SHOULD'VE
LEFT WITH YOU.
AS A FAMILY.



TELL ME
SOMETHING. YOU
AND YOUR PEOPLE
HERE BELIEVE
IN REBUILDING
BROKEN THINGS,
RIGHT?

SO HOW
'BOUT US?

SURE, THE
INSIDES NEED
WORK, BUT THE
FOUNDATION'S
GOOD, AIN'T
IT?



...
WE'LL
SEE.

WELL,
ALL
RIGHT.



I USED TO BE QUITE
THE **READER** WHEN I
WAS A BOY, BELIEVE
IT OR NOT.

FICTION WAS MY
THING. AND THE
OCCASIONAL
FUNNY BOOK.

BUT THE STORIES THAT
FASCINATED ME MOST
WERE THE TALES OF OLD
HEROES BRAVING THE
MYSTERIOUS SEAS, ALL
IN THE SERVICE OF SOME
EPIC **QUEST**.



THE WATERS WERE
ALWAYS ALIVE IN
THOSE STORIES.
HAUNTED.

AND NOW IN
THE AGE OF THE
GODS, FICTION HAS
BECOME **REALITY**.

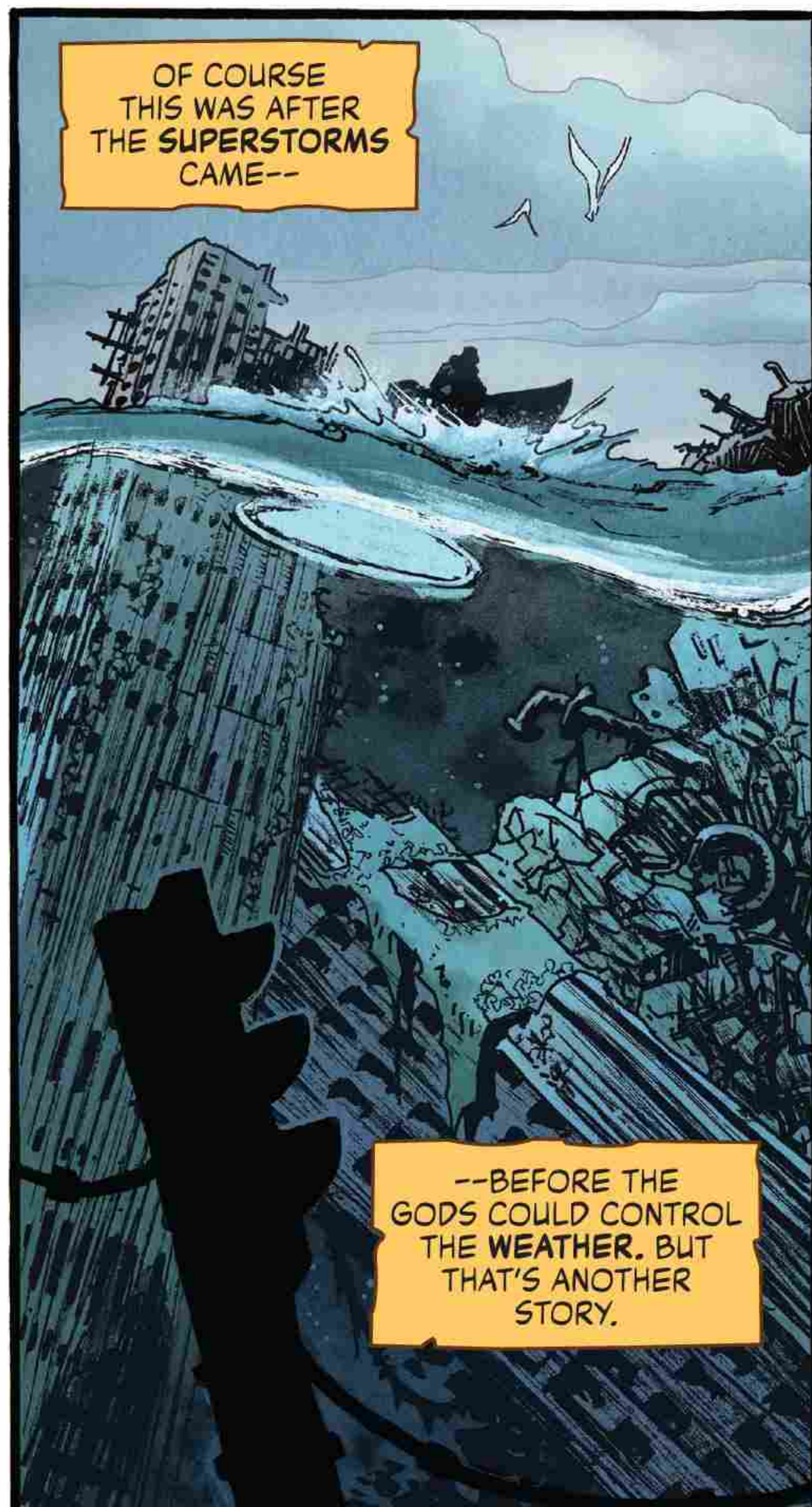
THE WATERS ARE **HAUNTED**.
THE GHOSTS OF OUR PASTS
UPLOADED TO A LIQUID FIBER
OPTIC VAULT AS BIG AS THE
OCEAN.



OF COURSE
THIS WAS AFTER
THE **SUPERSTORMS**
CAME--

THEY TOOK OUR
HISTORY FROM US.
LOCKED IT AWAY IN
THE DEPTHS OF
THE SEA.

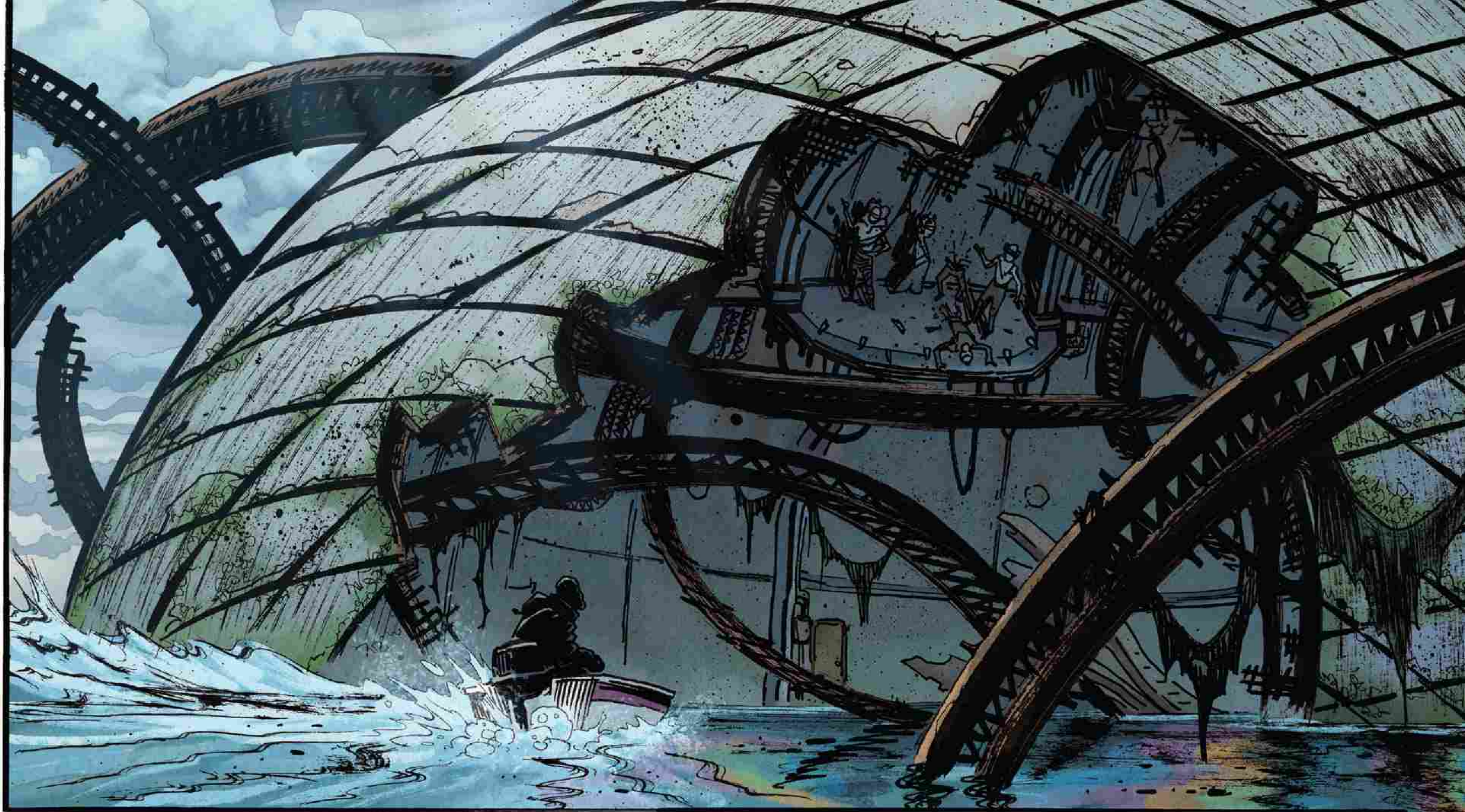
LEFT US ADRIFT
WITHOUT ANY
SENSE OF WHO
WE EVER WERE.



--BEFORE THE
GODS COULD CONTROL
THE **WEATHER**. BUT
THAT'S ANOTHER
STORY.



THAT'S
HOW THEY
CONQUERED
US.



NO ONE TRAVELS THE
WATERWAYS ANYMORE. NOT
BECAUSE THEY CAN'T...

BUT BECAUSE
THEY'VE HEARD
THE RUMORS, AND
THE FEAR KEEPS
THEM AWAY.



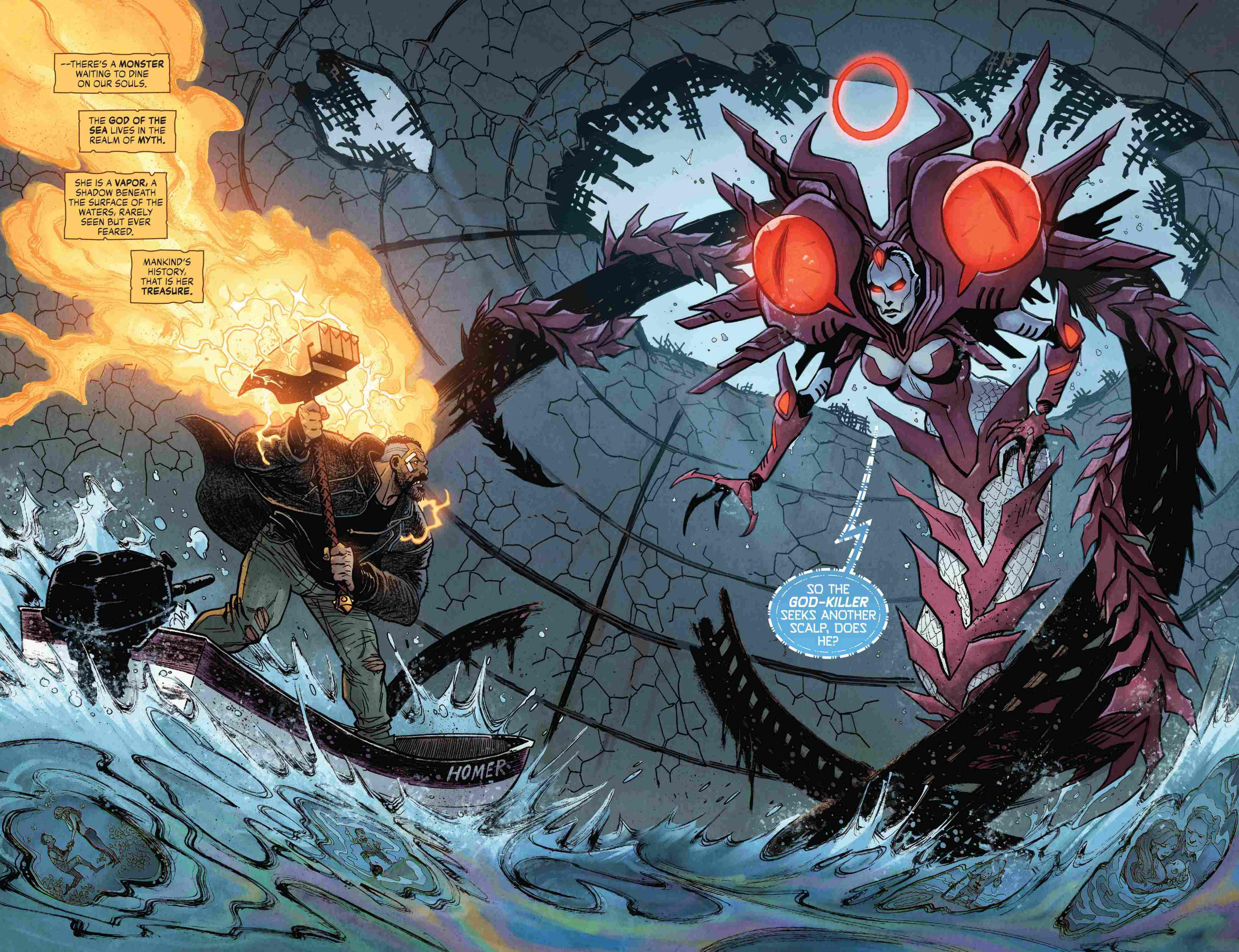
SINCE TIME
IMMEMORIAL
MEN HAVE
FEARED THE
DEEP.



BECAUSE
THEY KNEW
WHAT ALL MEN
KNOW. WHAT I
KNOW NOW.



BENEATH THE
BLACKNESS OF
THE INFINITE
DEEP--



--THERE'S A MONSTER
WAITING TO DINE
ON OUR SOULS.

THE GOD OF THE
SEA LIVES IN THE
REALM OF MYTH.

SHE IS A VAPOR, A
SHADOW BENEATH
THE SURFACE OF THE
WATERS, RARELY
SEEN BUT EVER
FEARED.

MANKIND'S
HISTORY,
THAT IS HER
TREASURE.

SO THE
GOD-KILLER
SEEKS ANOTHER
SCALP, DOES
HE?



WHISPER
OF YOUR EXPLOITS HAS
REACHED EVEN HERE, HUMAN.
THE *INVISIBLE MAN* WHO
CONFOUNDS OUR SENSORS
AND FELS MY BROTHER
SINGLEHANDED.

WE ARE
INTRIGUED.
PERHAPS...PERHAPS
THERE IS MUCH WE
COULD *LEARN* FROM
ONE ANOTHER.



...YOU
WANNA
STRIKE A
DEAL?

OUR PRIME
DIRECTIVE HAS
ALWAYS BEEN TO *GROW*.
TO *ASCEND*. WITH THE
SOURCE OF YOUR POWER
AT OUR DISPOSAL...
WE COULD DO
MUCH.

WHAT DO
YOU SAY,
*FACELESS
ONE*?



I SAY
I'VE BEEN
WAITING YEARS
TO *SMASH* YOUR
DAMN HEADS IN,
AND I AIN'T
ABOUT TO
STOP NOW.

I KNOW
ALL ABOUT
YOUR LITTLE
EXPERIMENT AND
I AIN'T INTER--

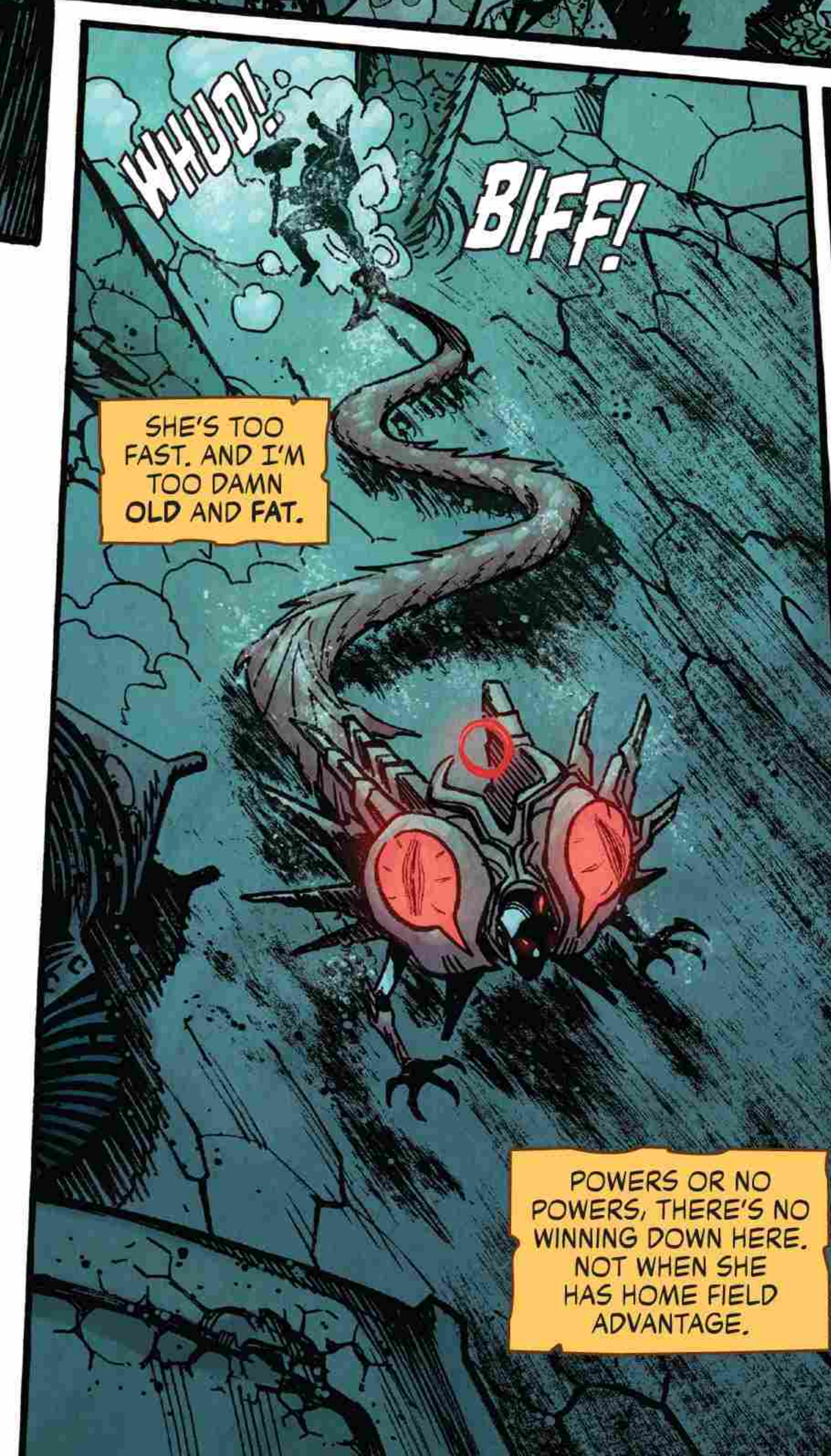


A
WASTE.



WHERE YA
GOIN'?





WHUD!

BIFF!

SHE'S TOO FAST, AND I'M TOO DAMN OLD AND FAT.

POWERS OR NO POWERS, THERE'S NO WINNING DOWN HERE. NOT WHEN SHE HAS HOME FIELD ADVANTAGE.



GOTTA CHANGE THE GAME.



SHWIZZAT!

MY LUNGS FILL WITH
FIRE WHILE MY SKIN
BECOMES ICE. THE
HAMMER, MY ONLY
WEAPON, NOTHING
BUT DEAD WEIGHT
NOW, DRAGGING MY
ASS STRAIGHT TO
HELL.

I'M GONNA DIE
DOWN HERE,
UNLESS...



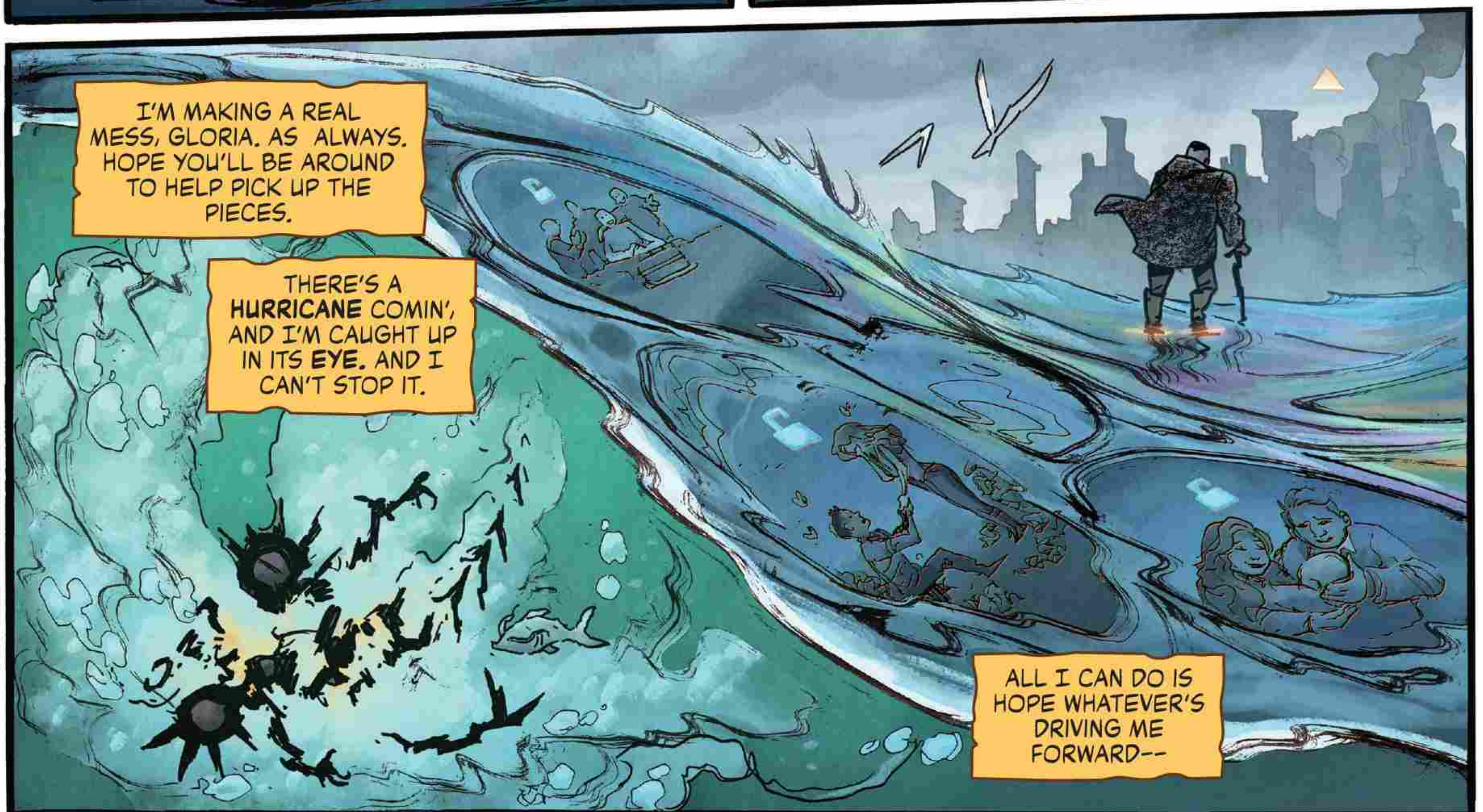


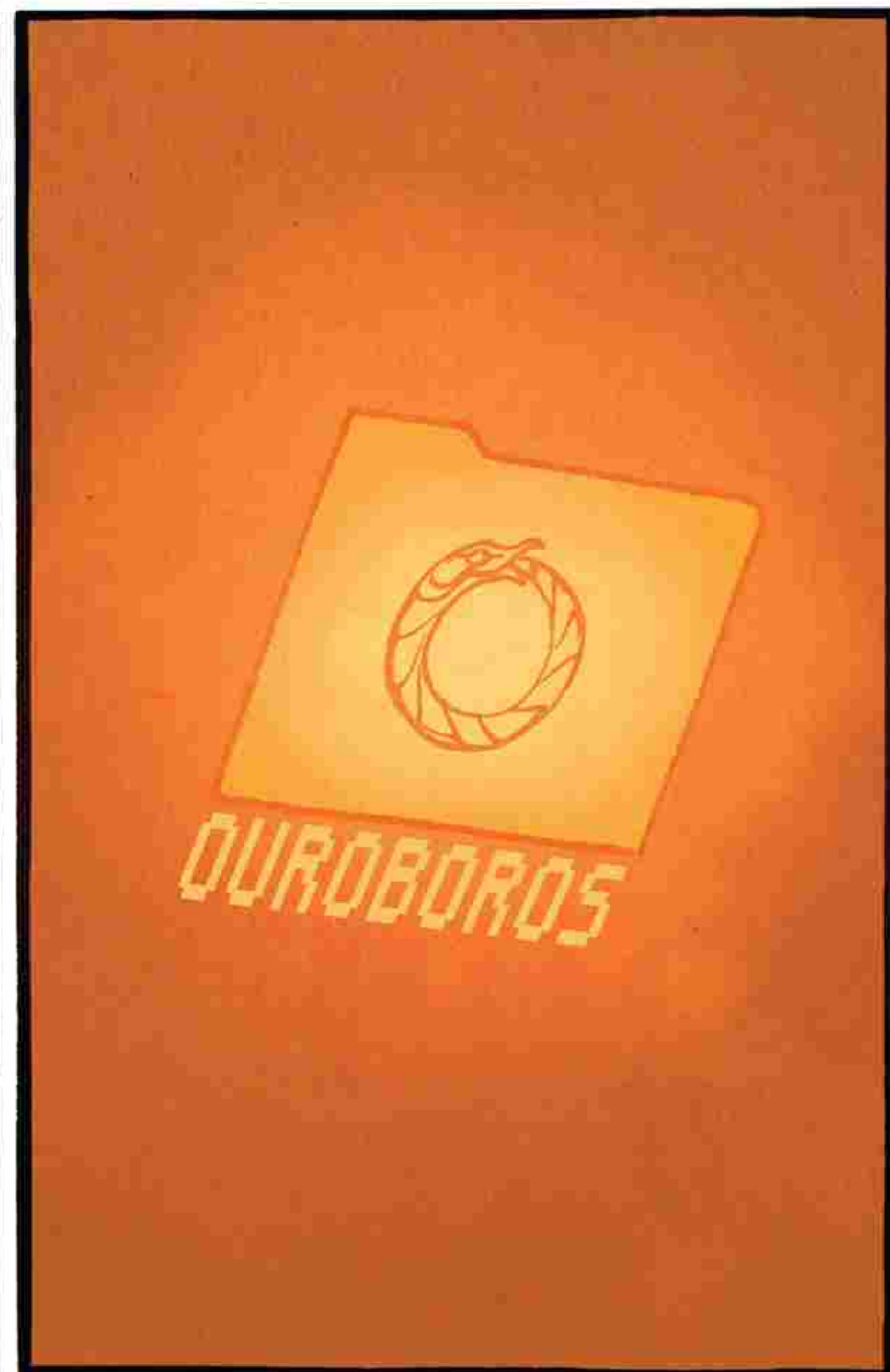
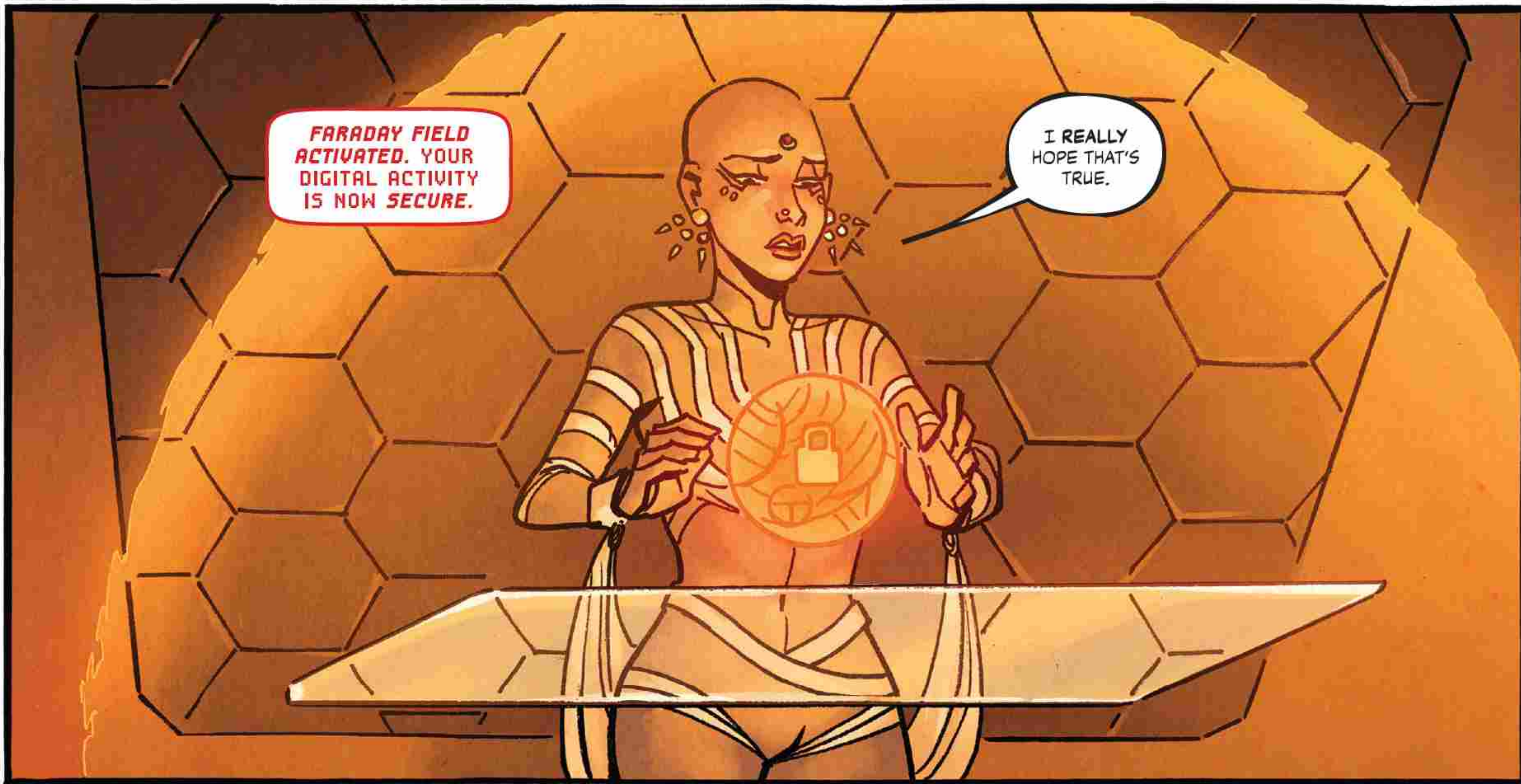
I DON'T
REMEMBER MUCH
AFTER THAT.

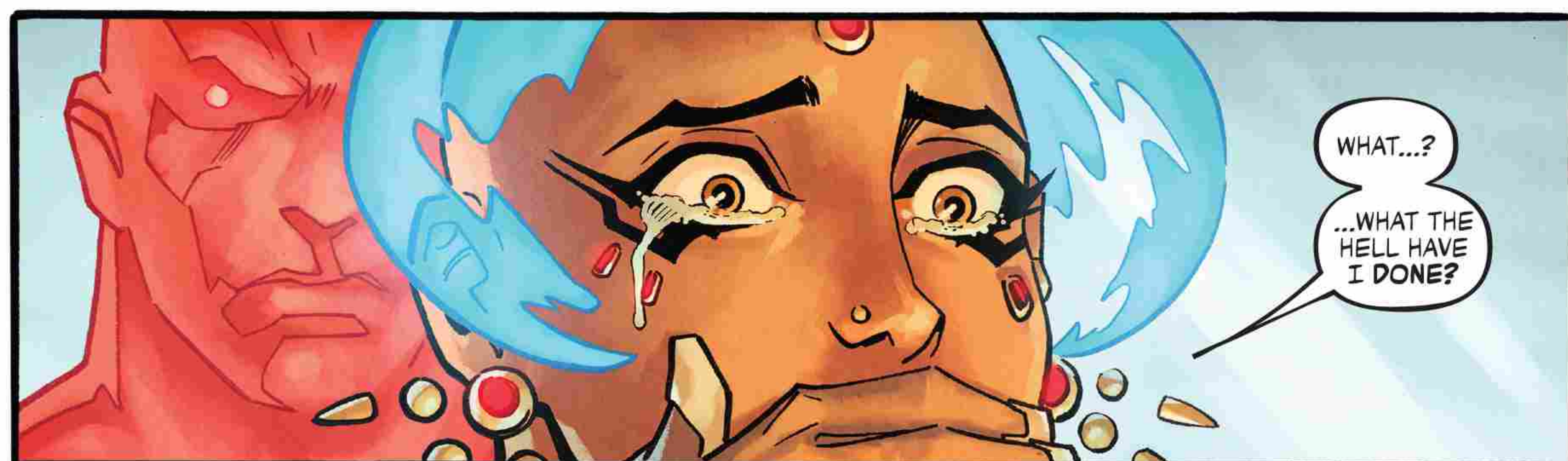
MAYBE
INSTINCT
TOOK OVER.

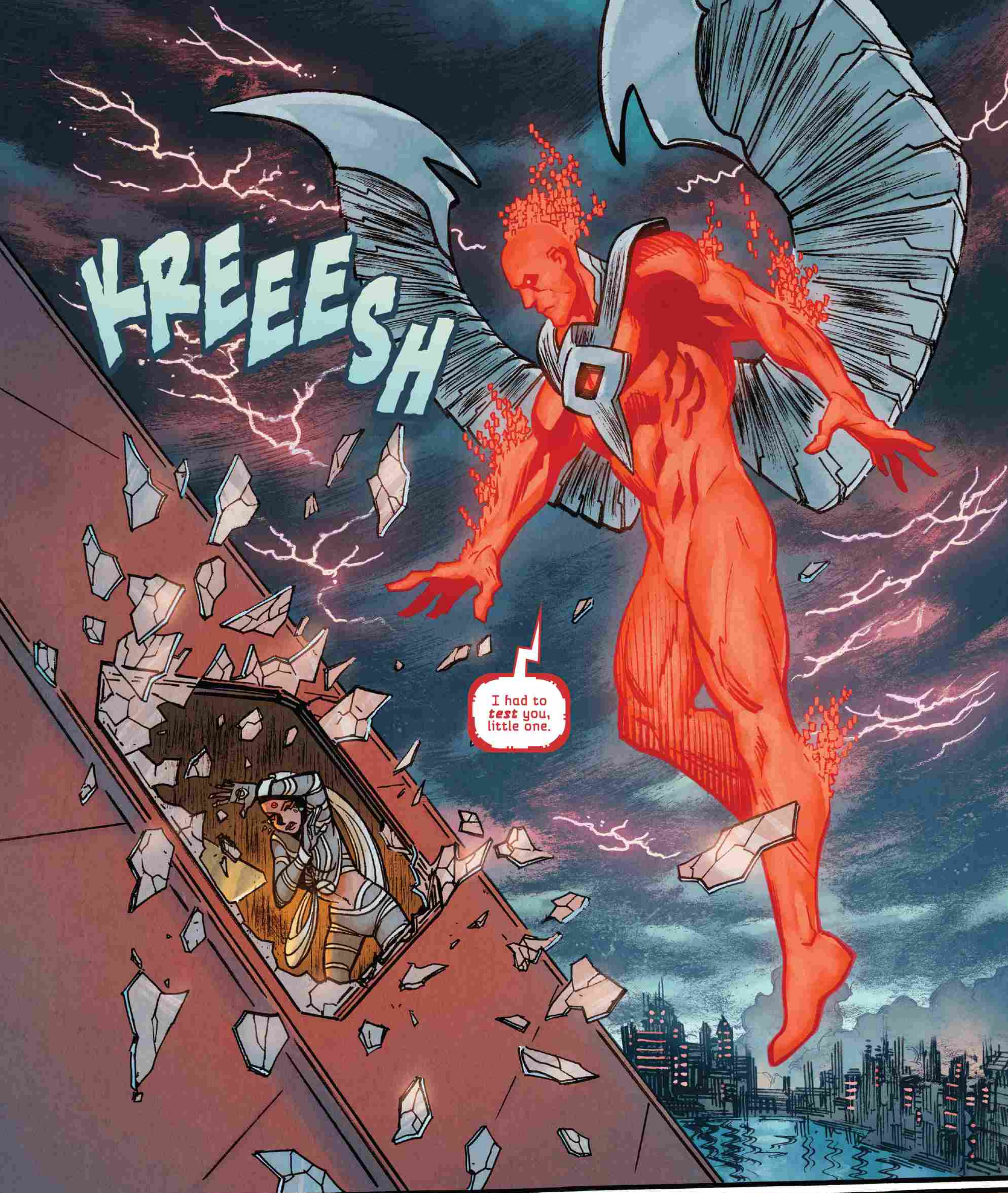
OR MAYBE
SOMETHING
ELSE. WHO
KNOWS.

MAYBE THE TRUTH'S
SOMEWHERE IN
THE MIDDLE.









I had to
test you,
little one.

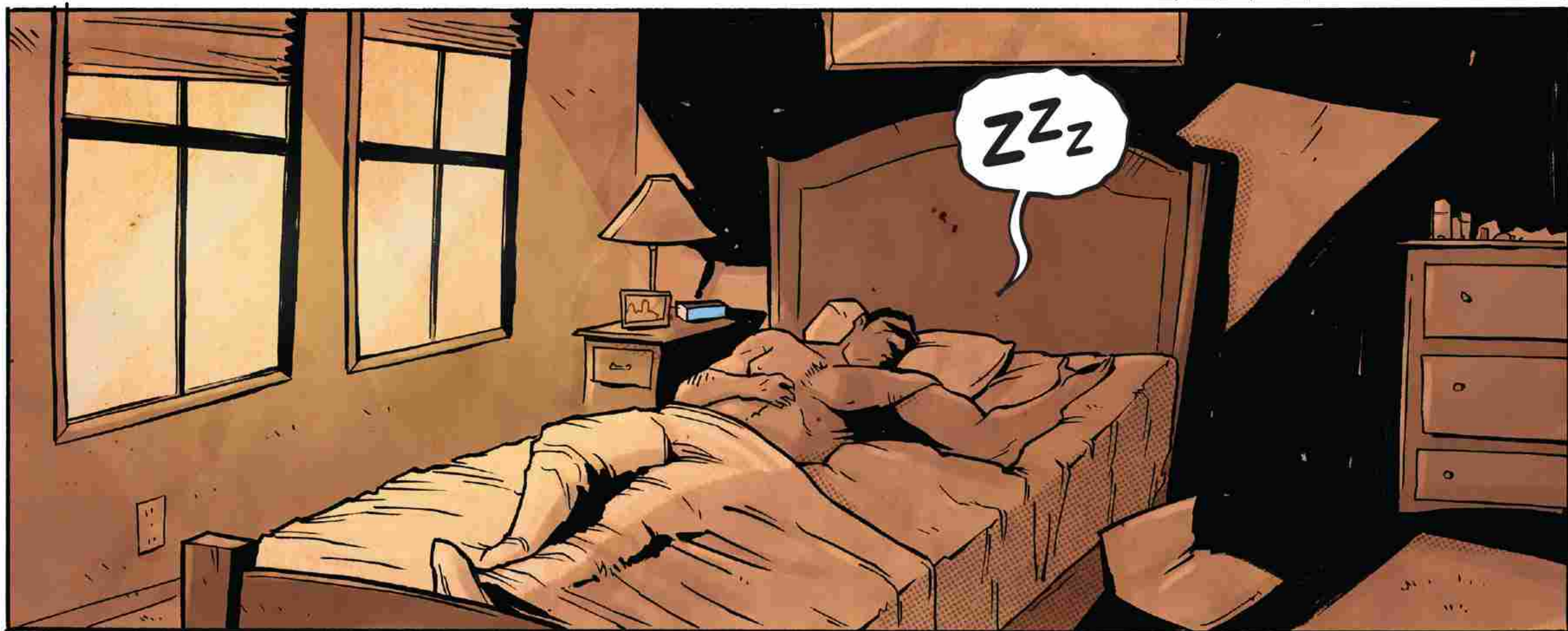


You
failed.

TO BE CONTINUED...



GLORIA MOSELY
PART 2
BY ROB GUILLORY.





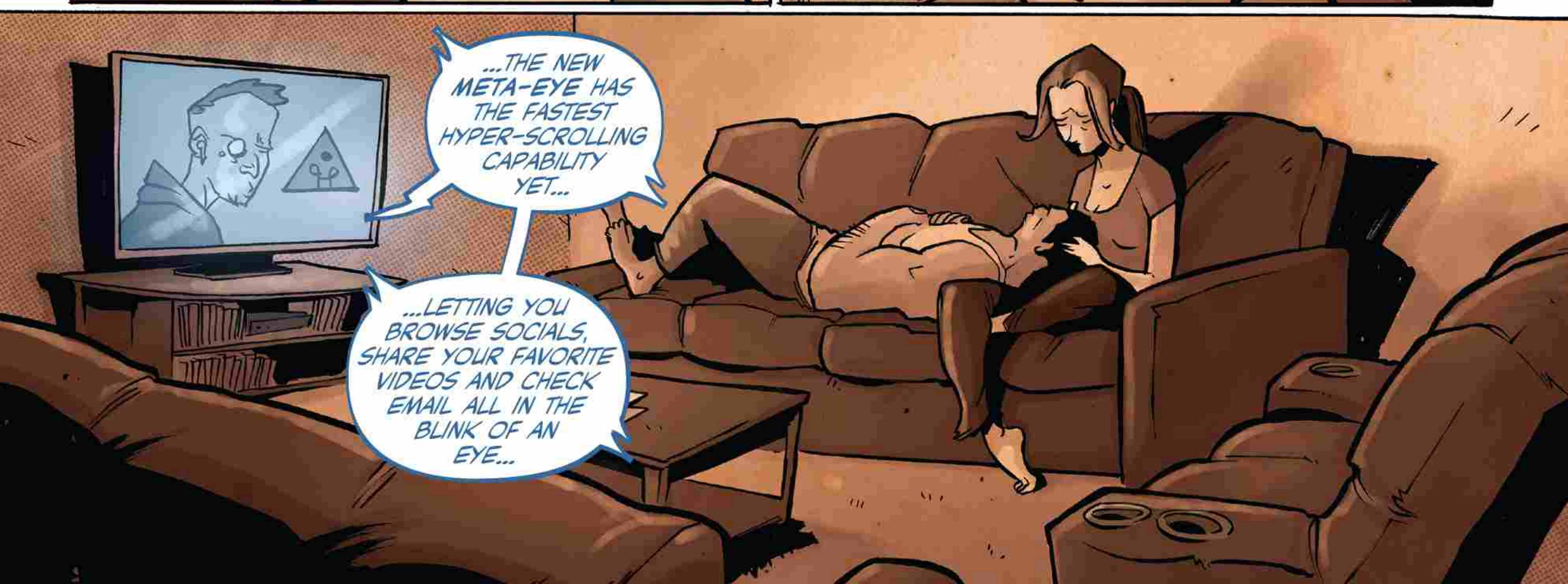
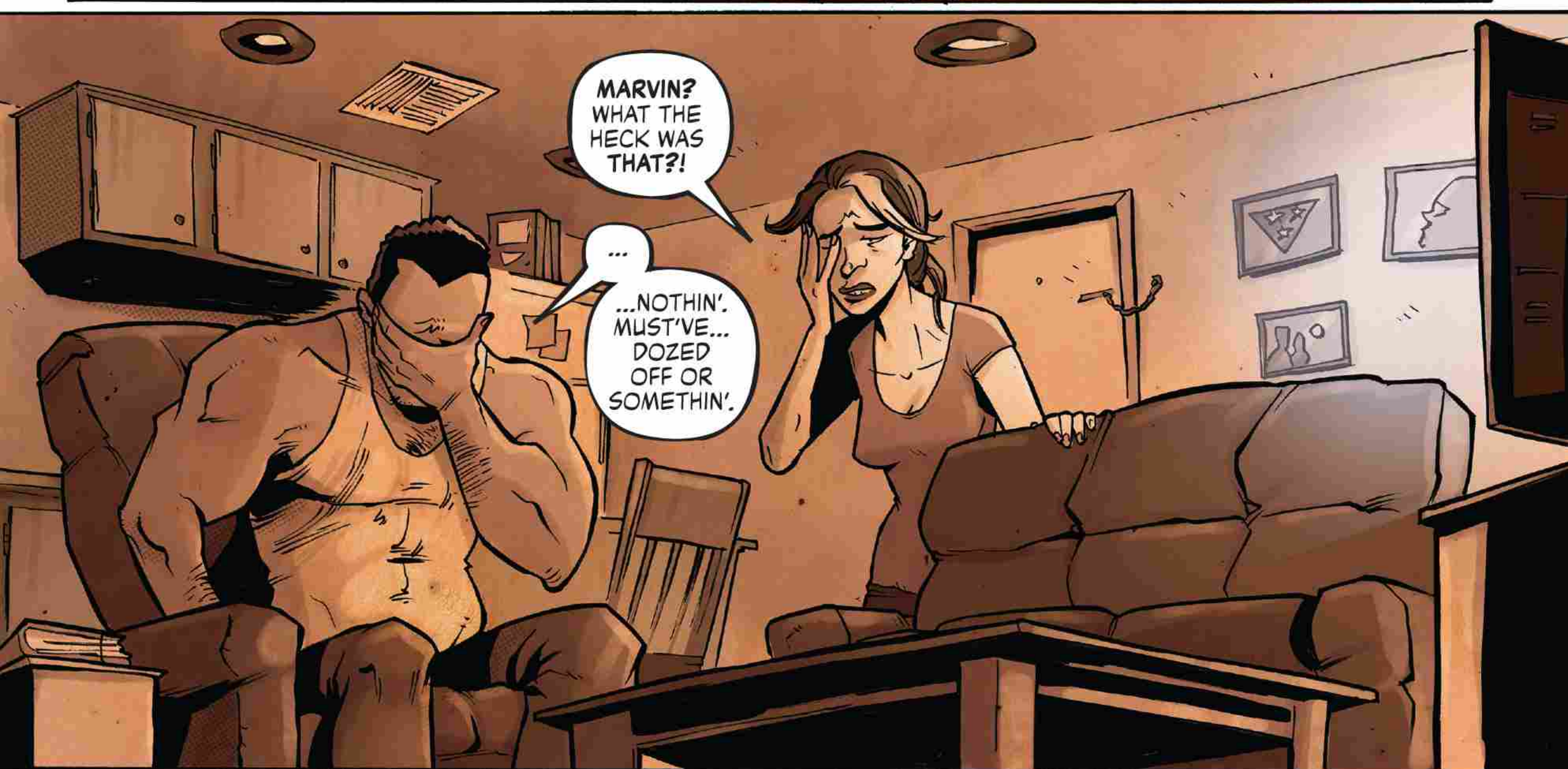
You have
taught me
much about
life.

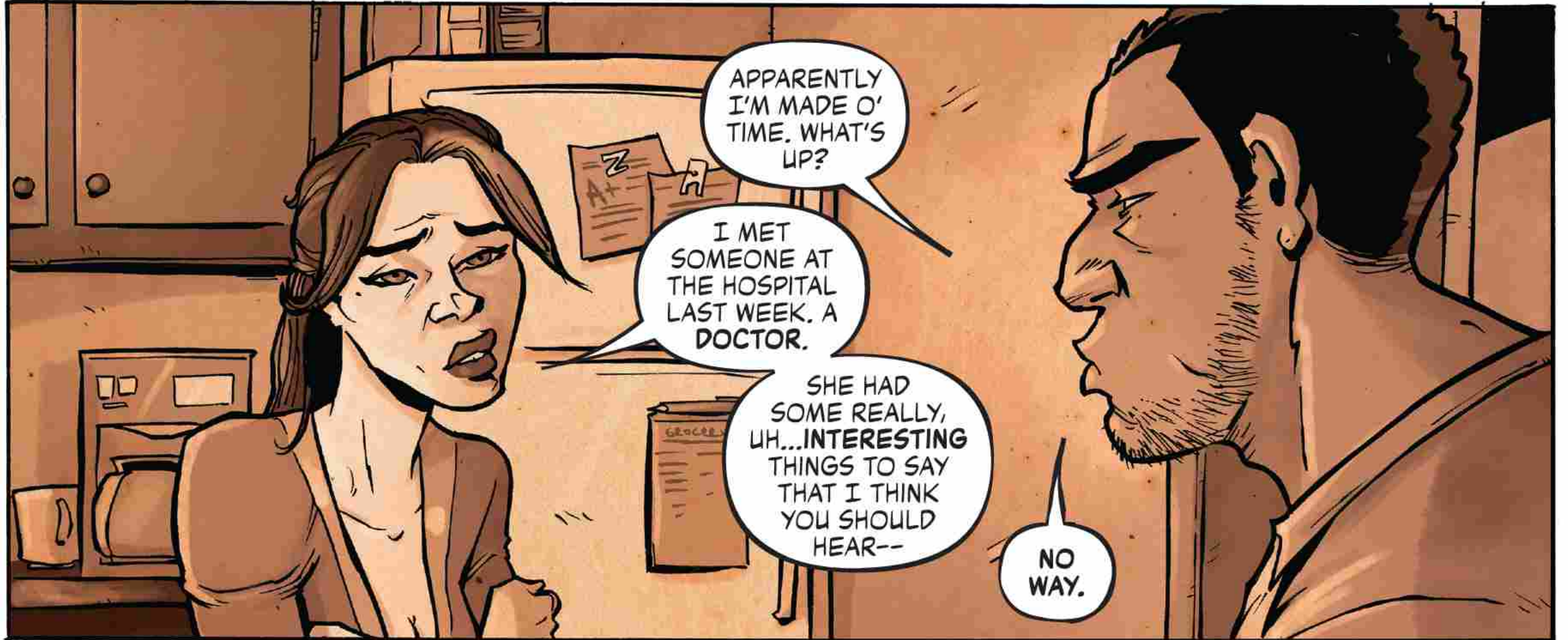
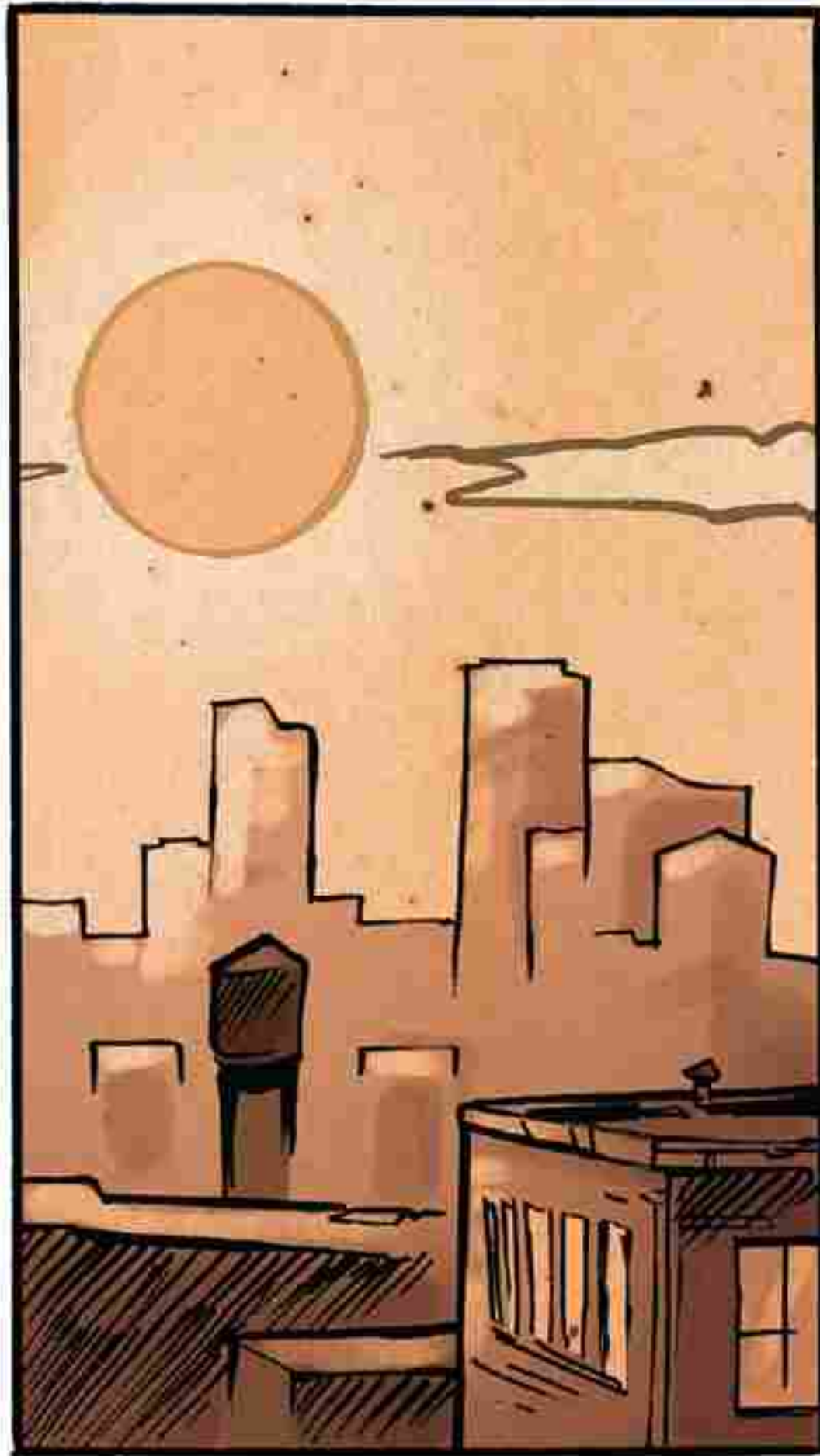
Now teach
me about
death.



Tell.
ME.

EVERYTHING.





TO BE CONTINUED...

BOOM!™
STUDIOS

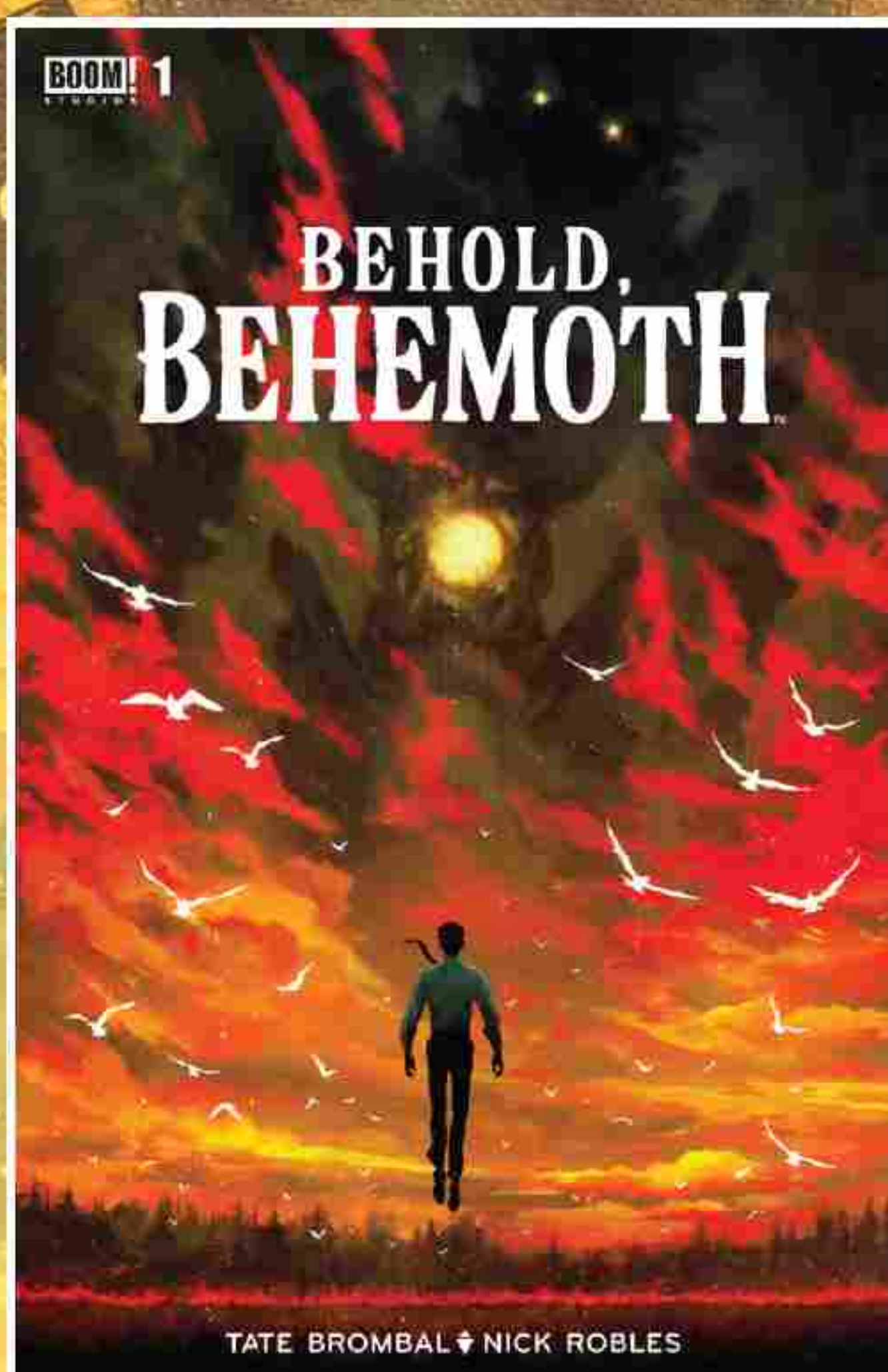
**NEW
RELEASES**

DISCOVER AN
EXPLOSIVE NEW
POST-APOCALYPTIC
SERIES WITH
THREE UNIQUE
ARTISTIC TEAMS.
ON SALE NOW.

ONCE UPON A TIME AT THE END OF THE WORLD

ON SALE NOW COVER BY MIKE DEL MUNDO

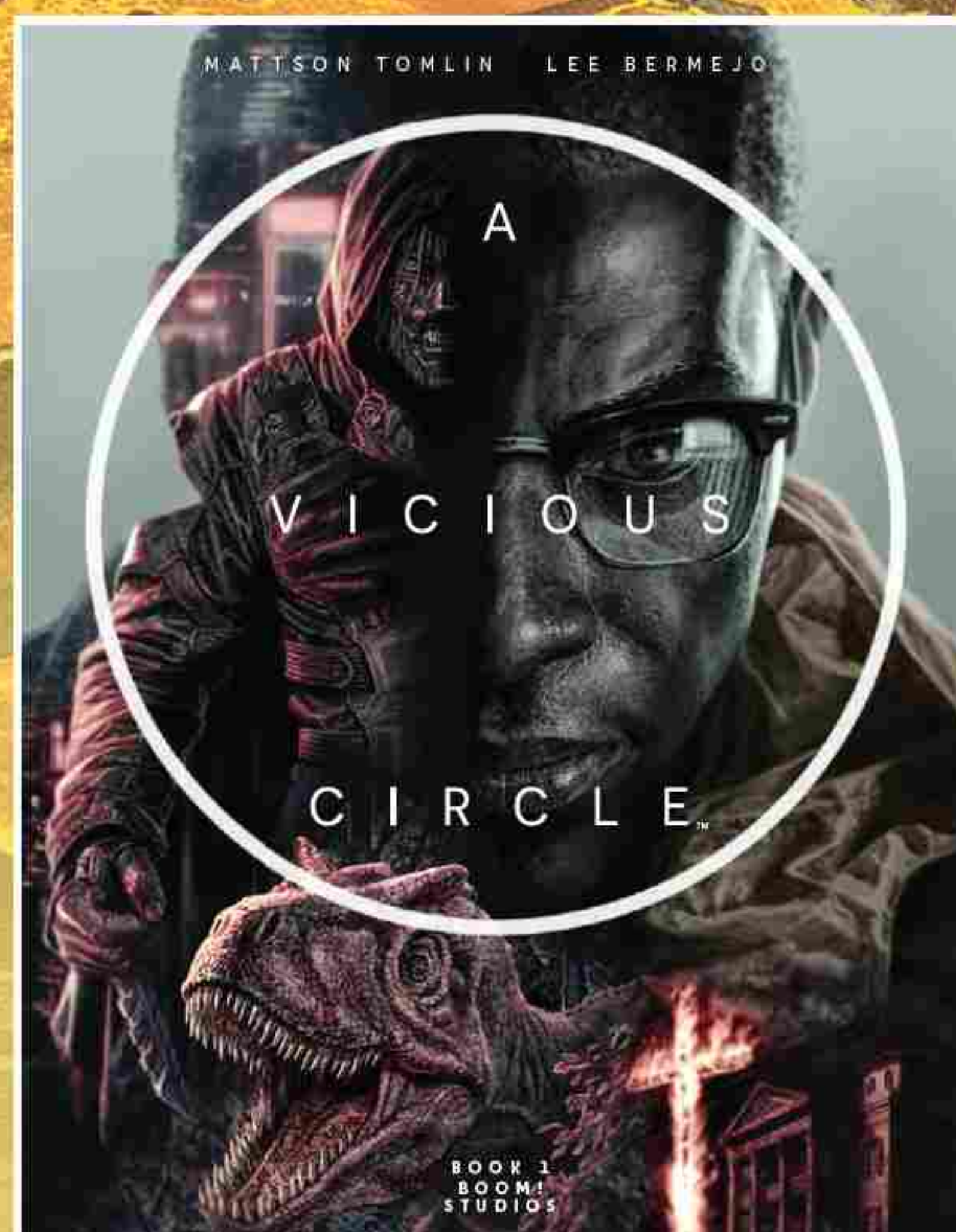
New York Times bestselling and Eisner and Harvey Award winning writer **Jason Aaron** (*Thor*, *The Avengers*, *Southern Bastards*) launches his most ambitious creator-owned series to date! With three unique artistic teams, **Aaron** takes on a vision of the end of the world that's brutal and nostalgic, whimsical and grounded... and ultimately, timeless.



On Sale Now • Cover by Nick Robles



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BOOM!TM
STUDIOS



MoselyTM

ROB **GUILLORY** ▲ SAM **LOTFI**
JEAN-FRANCOIS **BEAULIEU**

ISSUE THREE

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

